

Smoking Jacket

Miranda Lambert

I want a man with a smoking jacket
And a deeper pocket with money to burn
I want a man who knows his status
And he makes a habit of loving me till it hurts
He might be heavy on the pedal
But he knows how to take it slow
He might be quite continental
But he's sure gonna take me home
Yes, he is

I want a man with a smoking jacket
And a car that's classic living bourgeoisie
I want a man whose heart is tragic
But he makes his magic every night on me
We go together just like nicotine and Chanel
And when he lights up I'm his lucky strike
Waiting for him to exhale
I want a man with a smoking jacket
And a deeper pocket with money to burn
I want a man who knows his status
And he makes a habit of loving me till it hurts
Velvet and refined, he's defined to hold me
I don't need a diamond, I like wearing his smoke rings

I want a man
I want a man
I want a man

I want a man with a smoking jacket
And he lights his matches with kerosene
I want a man
I want a man

I want a man with a smoking jacket
I want a man
I want a man

I want a man with a smoking jacket

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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